

## MAN HUNT IN BROOKLYN.

## CRIMES OF "STOP THIEF" AND "MURDER" IN ADAMS STREET.

The Fugitive Lands on His Knees to the Platform of One Trolley Car, and When Driven from It He Clings Like a Fly on a Wall to the Inner Gate of Another.

Right in the hottest part of yesterday the residents and pedestrians of Adams street, Brooklyn, had a little man hunt to liven matters up. The man was Nathan Litzohan, a young Jew, who lives, or says he lives, at 78 Essex street. Litzohan, while wandering causally along in the vicinity of Tillary street a little after noon, discovered a ring lying in the gutter. There was nothing particularly remarkable about this, because, if the police are right, he had himself placed the ring there for purposes of discovery. In short, it is said he was practising the "ring-dropping" game, and that his exhibit was for the purpose of beguiling Bernard Feeny of Jamaica avenue, who was passing by. Litzohan didn't know Feeny, but picked him out. It is supposed, as a good subject for the game. Feeny was a good subject within certain limits, but those limits stopped just short of perfection from a ring-dropping point of view.

"It ain't every man that can pick up rings that way out of the street," remarked Feeny enviously as the young man held up before his eyes what appeared to be a diamond of considerable size.

"Ain't it a beauty?" said Litzohan. Then he added in a low tone: "Tell you what, my friend, I sell you that ring cheap. I got to go out of town and I don't have time to get rid of it. I sell you that ring for \$20."

"Twenty hellas," said Feeny, profanely.

Interpreting this as a declination of his offer—and correctly—the ring-finder came down to \$15, then to \$14, until by slow and painful gradations he reached \$10, at which point the pathos in his tone was simply heartrending.

"Not on your life," said he. "I'll give you eight."

Take it; take it," said Litzohan. "It's worth a hundred. So help my God it's worth a hundred! Give me the money. I got to get my train."

The man handed over the money to the youth, who started hastily toward the bridge. Perhaps there was too much haste in his gait, or perhaps the appearance of the ring after Feeny got it in his hand was the cause of his suspicion. He lifted up his voice and yelled: "Stop thief! He's swindled me! Catch him!"

Then he started on a run after the other. At the view—indeed some hundred odd persons who had been sitting on the curb looking in the window of the pawnshop, the scene gave vent to whoops of joy and prance down the street after Litzohan, who had started on his run. Another hundred approached, and the magic number became two hundred, and so on. Just ahead of the fugitive was a trolley car going at an extra legal rate of speed, but the man did not stop, but continued to run up to the car. Thinking that the runner wished to get aboard, the motorman shat off the power, but Litzohan frantically gestured to him, shouting:

"No, no! Don't stop! Go on!"

With a forward jerk that evidenced the ill temper of the motorman, the car dashed down the road, made a gap for the front platform, and disappeared from sight.

"He's under the wheels!" yelled one of the passengers in the car, whereupon all the others rushed for the doors, except two ladies, who covered their faces with their hands and screamed.

But there was no bummer as of the wheels going over a body. The runner had landed on his knees on the side of the car, and maintained his hold on the rail like a frightened animal. From behind came the yells of the crowd.

"Hold him! Hold him! Thief! Murderer! He stabbed a man! Kill him! Kill him! Police!"

The crowd had formulated its own notions as to the reason for the chase. Hearing the shouts, Litzohan gave a yell of despair, leaped from the car, which had slowed up, and sprang to the side of the car, which was going directly toward the crowd of pursuers. The car shot by him, but the iron lattice of the rounded head and Policeman Farrell of the Adams street station held him to the street. He fell, and the crowd joyously fell upon him and pinched him until he dropped.

It was not until yesterday that the policeman got him to the station white and trembling with the fear of death, for the major part of the crowd had declined to relinquish the murderer. They were here, but the iron lattice surrounded him and Policeman Farrell of the Adams street station held him to the street.

The iron lattice was down and it seemed certain that he would be unable to climb to the step that he would be thrown under the wheels of the first car.

He's done for this time, sure," yelled one of the spectators. The runner had landed on his knees on the side of the car, and maintained his hold on the rail like a frightened animal. From behind came the yells of the crowd.

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